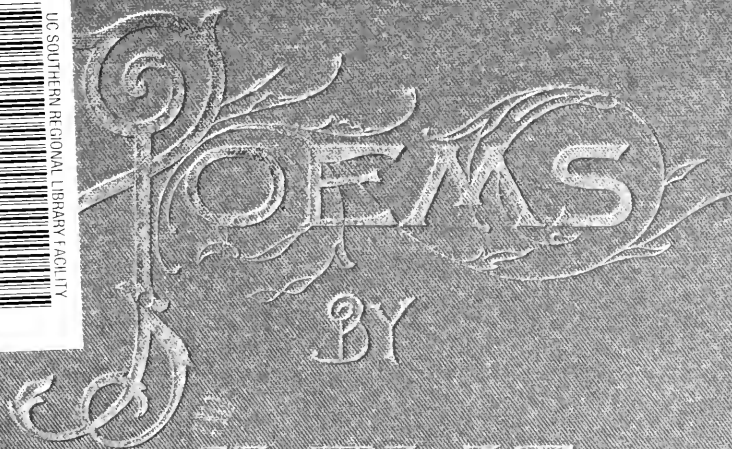


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POEMS

BY

M.E.W.S

(MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD)





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Herbert W Wright



# P O E M S

M. E. W. S.







Yours cordially  
H. E. W. Sherwood.



# POEMS

BY

M. E. W. S.

(MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD)

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

EVELYN BAKER HARVIER



NEW YORK

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## INTRODUCTION.

A SKETCH of Mrs. John Sherwood seems hardly necessary, for who does not know her? If not personally, through her many prose articles that have appeared from time to time in our leading journals and magazines; but in the hope that this little book may reach out and beyond the personal friends of this gifted writer, as the poems deserve, the following is written.

E. B. H.



## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

MARY ELIZABETH WILSON was born at Keene, New Hampshire. She was one of several children and was the daughter of General James Wilson, a man of great distinction in his native State of New Hampshire and of the nation at the time of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, both of whom were his friends. He was of Irish descent and, allied to a good education, he possessed the wit, the eloquence and the elegance of manner which belong to that race. Mrs. Sherwood's mother was Mary Richardson, a great beauty, possessed of the sad Madonna-like style of face, made more so by the death of several of her children. Her portrait is one of Mrs. Sherwood's most cherished possessions. These domestic afflictions overshadowed the young life of Mary Elizabeth, or Lizzie Wilson, as Mrs. Sherwood was known in her girlhood, and she found relief in the use of her pen. At this time she frequently met many of the great men of the day, who came to visit her father;

## *BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.*

being naturally of an observing nature and possessing a retentive memory, these associations of her girlhood left their impress on her future life and did much towards forming her mind and character.

Later, General Wilson was elected to Congress and the family removed to Washington. Soon after this event Mrs. Wilson died, leaving Miss Lizzie Wilson not only to guide and care for her younger brothers and sisters, but she was at the head of her father's household and entertained the many distinguished people who came to visit General Wilson. She was a great beauty and became one of the leading members of the gay but dignified life which was then the charm of Washington society. Allied to her beauty of face, her many attributes of an intellectual character made her the desired companion of such men as Bancroft, Prescott, Washington Irving, Longfellow, and many others, with whom she held for years a correspondence.

It was during the height of her social triumphs that Mr. John Sherwood, a young law-



## *BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.*

yer, met Miss Lizzie Wilson ; they were married not long after, removing to New York, where Mrs. Sherwood has always been a power both in fashionable and literary life. Indeed, to her must be accredited much of the popularity which literature and intellectual pursuits have reached in New York society.

Mrs. Sherwood began writing for publication at seventeen and only laid down her pen when the care and joy of her children took her life into a different channel. It was but natural that at a later period she should resume the writings in which she experienced so much pleasurable work. Hers was not a nature to be idle, and her articles have found place in all the leading journals and periodicals of the day, making her name known from Maine to California. Her poems have been signed M. E. W. S., many of them becoming famous before their authorship was known.

Mrs. Sherwood a few years ago began giving literary afternoons at her own residence for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund ; they

## *BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.*

proved so remunerative for the charity that she was induced to continue them. The most fashionable people, winter after winter, gathered in her drawing-room to listen to her accounts of the many distinguished people she had known both abroad and at home. They had included such men as Lord Houghton, with whom she corresponded for sixteen years, the Duc d'Aumale, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Millais, Robert Browning, Gladstone, and many others equally well known.

In all Mrs. Sherwood writes there is a strong individuality, both in her wit, of which she has abundance, and her pathos, which, allied to her personal magnetism, holds the listener and made these drawing-room readings a feature of social New York during their continuance.

Three portraits of Mrs. Sherwood are in her possession, all of which made fame for their artists; the picture accompanying this sketch is from the portrait of Mrs. Sherwood painted recently by Mr. Stephen Hill Parker.

Artists have been pleased to paint her por-

## *BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.*

trait not only because Mrs. Sherwood is a handsome and striking subject, but because it is a gain to them in prestige.

Mrs. Sherwood is as much at home in Paris salons as at English country houses or New York drawing-rooms or amid the gayeties of Roman carnivals. She has traveled with her eyes wide open and brain ever on the alert, and has the most charming and at the same time forceful manner of making others feel and see what she has experienced.

Mrs. Sherwood's love for her children has been an absorbing passion; her eldest son, named for her distinguished father, James Wilson Sherwood, was taken from her while yet a boy; later, the death of her son, John Philip Sherwood, when he had just reached the portals of manhood, cast an almost irretrievable sadness over this fond mother which time has only partially effaced. To the outside world Mrs. Sherwood is the brilliant, witty, distinguished literary woman. She does not carry her heart upon her sleeve.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Two sons are living; the eldest, Mr. Samuel Sherwood, the well-known artist, and Mr. Arthur Murray Sherwood, a young business man, whose wife is the distinguished artist, Rosina Emmet.

During her visit to Europe, in the summer of 1889, Mrs. Sherwood received an unusual honor, particularly so for an American woman. She was decorated with the Purple Ribbon, the insignia of *Officiers de l'Académie*, the honor conferred by the French Minister of Public Instruction on persons who have distinguished themselves in literary or artistic pursuits.

For thirty years Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood and their family occupied the same residence just off Fifth Avenue, in a central location. There have been entertained many of the great men and women of our day, including many distinguished foreigners as well as our own countrymen. Mrs. Sherwood passes her summers in traveling over Europe.

In addition to Mrs. Sherwood's many articles for the daily press and magazines she has published one or two novels, the more recent en-

### *BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.*

titled "A Transplanted Rose." Her book on etiquette, "Manners and Social Usages," is considered an authority and bears the additional interest of being written in a bright, piquant style that marks the strong individuality of the writer. Mrs. Sherwood also wrote a two-act comedietta, entitled "A Case of Conscience," which was produced at the Union League Theatre by amateurs in behalf of the Woman's Centennial Union Fund, Judge Barrett and his daughter sustaining the two leading rôles of "Mr. Russell" and "Miss Julia Fairlie." The play (I quote from the daily papers) "proved to be a delightful mixture of fun, wit and philosophy, showing the interesting state a man finds himself in when in love. The author of the play was loudly called for at the close of the representation."

The lines to her son Philip were sent to him while he was in Rome. He died August 4, 1883, and the little poem was found among his most cherished belongings.

The sonnet to Prescott was first published in Ticknor's "Life of Prescott."

## *BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.*

One cannot help feeling regret after reading Mrs. Sherwood's poems that so few of them have been preserved. They speak for themselves, as they have ever done, and, to those who have known her, of the woman behind the writer.

It has been my good fortune to put them forth in book form, in which labor of love I have found much pleasure.

EVELYN BAKER HARVIER.





## THE NEW YEAR.

I greet thee, brave and coming year !  
With thy unwritten snowy page,  
And dash away the unshed tear  
Would dim thee with its dull presage.

Hope dances from her dewy bower  
Thy early footsteps to beguile ;  
And Love, as fresh as Eden's flower,  
Shall wave thee onward with a smile.

Why carry to thy record fair  
The cares, the sorrows, buried past ?  
Let them float backward on the air,  
And perish like the ocean blast.

## *THE NEW YEAR.*

Despair our speech has iron-bound,  
The stoutest heart has often quailed ;  
We've flouted Fortune as she frowned,  
But was it Fate, or we, who failed ?

Oft Destiny holds this surprise,  
Fate, smiling slowly, drops her mask ;  
Our pain was blessing in disguise,  
And health was hidden in the task.

We weave but blindly at the loom,  
Nor see the picture, save in parts ;  
Not ours to mark the gleam or gloom,  
But labor on with patient hearts.

When the bright angel overhead  
The soul-wrought tapestry unfurls,



## *THE NEW YEAR.*

Perhaps the tears we slowly shed  
May gleam amid the gold-like pearls.

The sorrow which has crushed the life  
A lily blooms, on azure field ;  
And daily care and toil and strife  
In bud and flower may stand revealed.

One thing is left us undisturbed—  
We still can work and love and give,  
No matter how the life's perturbed,  
If, living, we learn how to live.

Then come thou young and sturdy year,  
Come with proud port and step elate !  
If dawn is dark, noon may be clear :  
Come, give us heart for any fate !

## HORSE AND RIDER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE NADAUD.

My foot I have put in the stirrup—  
Go quickly my fleetest of steeds,  
Thy master's best will and intentions  
Are weak as the quivering reeds!  
No matter what highway thou takest,  
The better, the farthest that leads.

She thought that she held me in bondage  
So smiling—that little blonde girl.  
Fly! Fly thee, away from the siren,  
As back my defiance I hurl!  
Put the long, weary marches between us,  
Else I yield to her fluttering curl!

*HORSE AND RIDER.*

Every day I have ridden so gaily  
To meet but her laughter and scorn.  
Take care! thou art finding the pathway  
That leads 'neath the blossoming thorn!  
Thou knowest it well—but avoid it,  
Go seek me a desert forlorn.

Her cheek like the palest wild roses,  
Her voice like the wave on the shore,  
Those eyes like the heaven above us!  
False Gods! Whom in vain I adore.  
Such love-songs my fancies are singing,  
Go quickly, my steed I implore!

My soul is resuming its courage.  
Brave horse! Thou hast gallantly sped.  
Anathemas fly from me freely,

*HORSE AND RIDER.*

But my heart is as heavy as lead.  
My lips which I laden with curses,  
But whisper "I love her" instead!

Ah! Beauty, capricious and cruel,  
Disdainful, yet keeping from me  
The power to love others as truly  
As now I am sighing for thee.  
If but we had hearts without feeling  
How easy a lifetime would be.

My steed, mend thy faltering paces.  
Each evening she watches alone.  
Thou must run from these dangerous places  
Where the nightingale utters her moan.  
A tear may drop down on thy fetlock,  
Why lingerest thou like a drone?

*HORSE AND RIDER.*

Thou seest the lane 'neath the branches  
Where the sunbeams but enter and die?  
Ha! There is the turf gemmed with daisies,  
And the road we attempted to fly!  
Oh, feeblest of horses and riders  
Who cannot get lost if they try!

But on! We must on with our journey.  
Ah no! Wait a moment and see,  
Perhaps the white hand at the window  
Is waving a signal to me.  
We must make our adieus my brave courser,  
To-morrow our journey shall be.

TO ROBERT ELSMERE AND HIS WIFE.

These dogmas serious, fine for contemplation,  
Will all give out ;  
They killed the flowers of Calvin's generation—  
What followed ?— Doubt !

It is a fact which needs no dull negation  
That Life is hard ;  
That problems stir the soul's deep meditations,  
Sings every bard.

The pastor's sermon has its brave pretences,  
But makes us nod.  
The flowers we gather near the humblest fences—  
These are from God.

*TO ROBERT ELSMERE AND HIS WIFE.*

It is His hand that makes the flower so beauteous;  
Her rich perfume  
Will kiss the senses of the daughter duteous,  
And cheer her gloom.

What can we make, with all our moralizing,  
So sweet as she?  
No stern amount of grim philosophizing  
Grows one green tree.

Let's stop a moment—pat the baby's dimples—  
He is so sweet!  
Or look at Rose's pretty gown, and wimples—  
Her dainty feet.

*TO ROBERT ELSMERE AND HIS WIFE.*

To take of music, flowers, luxurious living,  
    One little share,  
Is but to gather in the gracious meaning  
    Of summer air.

It is not best, e'en with a grave intention,  
    The soul to squeeze ;  
That pilgrim was a man of fine invention  
    Who boiled his peas.

Let's stop a moment on the road to virtue,  
    And pluck the daisies.  
We need not fear that good things always hurt  
    you ; —  
    Love, gifts, and praises.



*TO ROBERT ELSMERE AND HIS WIFE.*

In all humility our thoughts should clamber  
    Above this world and time !  
Let us remember one renowned death chamber,  
    And one great scene sublime.

When little Edward, King and Saint together,  
    Took the last wine and bread,  
While useless lay imperial crown and sceptre,  
    What were the words he said ?

The Bishop, kneeling, asked for his "confession,"  
    In noble words that live,  
He murmured clearly, through cold Death's oppression,  
    "Jesus ! Forgive !"

*TO ROBERT ELSMERE AND HIS WIFE.*

And when we stand at England's proudest altar,  
Or bend our knees,  
Making our plea in humblest prayers that falter,  
Say, can we find in sermon, creed or psalter  
Two words like these?



# ADIEU, MON CŒUR !

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

SPRING.

How gracefully the young Bertine  
With Jacques, her lover, dances !  
See how like sunbeams 'neath the trees  
She flies, and then advances.  
And yet she sings in a minor key,  
The old Provençal melody —  
“Tais-toi, mon cœur ! Adieu, mon cœur !”  
As if some sadness came to her,  
With love's dear smiles and glances.

The Sieur de Courcy comes that way,  
And 'neath the walnut lingers.

*ADIEU, MON CŒUR!*

He marks her instep, clean and high,  
Her white and dainty fingers.

He hears her sing in a minor key,  
The old Provençal melody—  
“Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur,”  
And thinks as he looks at her,  
Of the lays of the Minnesinger.

But hark! the call! The conscript drawn,  
And Jacques the number chosen;  
No wonder that Bertine is dumb,  
The blood in her bosom frozen.  
Brave Jacques strikes up in a stronger key,  
The old Provençal melody—  
“Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!”  
And looking fondly back at her,  
He said, “Dear love, be true to me!”

*ADIEU, MON CŒUR!*

SUMMER.

The King said, gaily, "Je m'ennuie";  
Nor heard if the people grumbled.  
What cared that gallant majesty  
If some plain lives were humbled?  
The next age sang in a different key,  
The old Provençal melody —  
"Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"  
Of Pompadour and the Parc aux Cerfs;  
And greeted the great with a bitter laugh,  
When heads in the basket tumbled.

For when the sun lay on the vines,  
Bertine the grapes was tying.  
The tendril round her brow entwines;  
The summer days were flying.

*ADIEU, MON CŒUR!*

Well may she sing in a minor key,  
The old Provençal melody —  
“Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!”  
For the news was coming back to her  
Of the fields where Jacques lay dying.

What then was history but a page  
Of romance, love, and glory?  
Chimeras of the golden age,  
When life was worth the story.  
Woman still sings in a minor key,  
The old Provençal melody —  
“Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!”  
That is the tale time tells to her,  
And will till he is hoary.

*ADIEU, MON CŒUR!*

AUTUMN.

The Sieur de Courcy came to woo,  
His voice was low and tender ;  
He drove the wolf and the King away —  
“Let me be thy defender?”  
And when she sang in a minor key,  
The old Provençal melody —  
“Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!”  
The gentleman knelt down to her,  
And kissed her fingers slender.

“Who is my rival?” laughed the King,  
His gallant, gay eyes lighting,  
“Now I will do a graceful thing  
To show I bear her slighting.

*ADIEU, MON CŒUR!*

We'll change that mournful monody —  
The old Provençal melody —  
'Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!'  
And life shall not be spoiled for her  
Because my love is blighting."

So went he forth to take the air,  
His perfumed locks were streaming.  
His brow was gay as if no care  
Could blight that face so beaming.  
He sang as he rode, in a minor key,  
The old Provençal melody —  
'Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!'  
But took the road which led to her:  
The courtiers guessed his seeming.



*ADIEU, MON CŒUR!*

“I came,” said he, as they bent the knee,

“All doubts and cares to banish.

Leave chains of rank and cares of state ;

For one day let them vanish.

And dear Bertine, sing now for me,

The old Provençal melody—

‘Tais-toi, mon cœur ! Adieu, mon cœur !’”

And then he lightly told to her

A drama from the Spanish.

“Rise, my proud subject !” said the King.

“Rise, Marquise St. Aulaire !        -

I give the title and the ring,

To this, thy consort fair.

*ADIEU, MON CŒUR !*

Now all my courtiers sound the key  
Of the old Provençal melody —  
‘Tais-toi, mon cœur ! Adieu, mon cœur !’  
And one and all bow down to her,  
The new court Lady there.”

All gratefully the sad Bertine  
‘Neath her long lashes glances.  
How much the tear that steals between,  
The eyes dark gleam enhances.  
And yet she sings in a minor key,  
The old Provençal melody —  
“Tais-toi, mon cœur ! Adieu, mon cœur !”  
The King gives Courcy’s hand to her,  
Who, lover-like, advances.

*ADIEU, MON CŒUR!*

WINTER.

O'er castle walls, with banners hung,  
The crescent moon is peeping,  
And on the ground, in sadness flung,  
A mournful man is weeping.

On a white cross — what words to see —  
He reads the sad old monody —

“Tais-toi, mon cœur ! Adieu, mon cœur !”

He breathes his last farewell to her,  
For there Bertine lies sleeping.



## THE LIGHTHOUSES OF THE WORLD.

“ Could a Christian community exist and stand erect in the family of civilized nations and shroud its shores in utter darkness? For what do we see when we look around us? The British Islands blazing with three hundred lights, France with more than one hundred and fifty; the Baltic, the Mediterranean, the Euxine, all illuminated, and even in the frozen North, Imperial Russia lighting the American mariner on his pathway through the White Sea out to the Polar Basin. The whole globe, from North to South, from East to West, is encircled with these living monuments of humanity and civilization.”

(Duty of the American Union to Improve its Navigable Waters.)

Darkness descends and gives the spirit wings;

The eye emboldened claims imperial right;

And, lying grandly at my feet, I see

The world at night.

Behold the vision! How sublimely fair!

For myriad lights illuminate the sea,

*THE LIGHTHOUSES OF THE WORLD.*

Encircling continent and ocean vast  
In one humanity.

Perchance some habitant of far-off star,  
Born to the heritage of loftier powers,  
Although we cannot see his glowing world,  
Yet looks on ours,

May see these patient sentinels of night,  
May read their language, eloquent and grand,  
As, shining coldly 'neath the Arctic light,  
They warning stand.

Or, beaming through the still and fragrant air,  
Where coral reefs the vexed Bermoothes guard,  
O'er freight of human life may see the Lamp  
Keep watch and ward.

*THE LIGHTHOUSES OF THE WORLD.*

Or, streaming from Leucadia's haunted cliff,  
Where fiery genius sleeps beneath the wave,  
Touching with light the waters surging o'er  
A lonely grave.

Or, blazing bright amid Atlantic storm,  
While bending masts are quivering with fear,  
The guardian Light upheld by sea-girt tower,  
Aloft and clear.

Burn on with inextinguishable fire!  
Companions of the silent stars above!  
Resplendent types amid a world of strife  
Of deathless love.

## UNLIKE, YET LIKE.

There is a blue which paints the sea at morning,  
When skies are bright and treacherous  
breezes fair ;

There sea-gulls sail the snowy wavelet scorning,  
And cut with tireless wing the fragrant air ;  
A darker hue in solemn distance warning  
Where gallant lives have grappled with despair.

How like the eye of Woman, sad and tender,  
Revealing, hiding all her heart profound ;  
Telling of storms from which no walls defend  
her,

Or of some trust the tempest has not found,  
Flashing in Love's bright morn with burning  
splendor

Or darkening where some mighty hope went  
down.

*UNLIKE, YET LIKE.*

There is a blue the distant mountain folding  
When autumn sunsets linger on the height;  
The craggy outline all to beauty moulding,  
As, slowly robing for the coming night,  
A solemn court the giant monarch holding,  
Above the world, in lone, majestic might.

So looks the eye of him whose patient seeking  
Beholds how all things in their order stand;  
No idle vengeance on the sinful wreaking,  
He strives to find what mighty Love has  
planned;  
To him the earth in myriad voices speaking,  
Tells of a glorious thought in structure grand.

But looking upward from the waters glancing,  
And from the mountain, solemn and at rest,



*UNLIKE, YET LIKE.*

Above the clouds in golden radiance dancing,  
Behold a blue, the beauteous and the best!  
A sapphire path o'er which the coursers prancing  
Bear Phœbus onward to the glowing West.

O eyes of childhood! With thy blue supernal  
Fair countless worlds are in thine azure deeps  
As spring hides summer 'neath her vesture  
    vernal,  
As skies hold stars and suns while Nature  
    sleeps;  
What promise fair, what gleams of hope eternal  
The gazer finds and choice the vision keeps.

## THE SCULPTOR'S VISITORS.

A sculptor was moulding the amber-brown clay  
As he sat in his innermost room.

A cloud like a wing had come sailing that way,  
And deepened and darkened the delicate gloom  
Which the vine leaves and orange trees made  
in the room,

And cast its soft shadow which followed the ray  
O'er three lovely angels — three angels in clay—  
The dream of the sculptor, the work of his hands,  
In the Roman deposit, those world-renowned  
sands,

And the soil of the mountains, the sculptor's best  
clay

Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned  
way.

*THE SCULPTOR'S VISITORS.*

And he mournfully mused as the spatula wrought  
“Alas! Is my labor but play?”

In saddest sincerity Angelo sought  
To put his great soul in the clay.

Here stand my three angels, my dream and my  
thought;

Unworthy these daughters of Dreamland they  
seem,

Unworthy the soil of our Tiber's rich stream,  
Unworthy the richness of amber-brown clay

Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned  
way.

And he thought of old Angelo, saddened and  
poor,

Who watched the proud world turn away from  
his door;

*THE SCULPTOR'S VISITORS.*

And he wondered if Gratitude were but a name—  
Or if there was life-blood in what we call Fame ;  
Then he said to himself half in fear, half in  
shame :

“I shall call these three—Angels, Ambition, and  
Love,

And Gratitude—she the most stately of all—  
For she is the Angel who surely bears sway  
At the great gate of Heaven which opens above  
When we shall be angels and cease to be clay.  
Ambition may lead us to climb up the height,  
And Love may enwrap us in worldly delight ;  
But Gratitude brings us to kneel and to pray,  
The kind deed to utter, the soft word to say.  
I would I could mould her in amber-brown clay  
Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned  
way.”

*THE SCULPTOR'S VISITORS.*

A sunbeam came stealing the orange boughs  
through,  
And filled the whole room with a joy that was  
new,  
And it fell on the brow the most stately and pure.  
He looked at his hands that were stained with  
the clay,  
And he wished that two hands which were  
whiter than they  
Would come down and straighten that line of  
the brow ;  
A nimbus of glory encircled it now.  
And the mouth which had been what a bee loves  
to sip,  
Seemed to open with goddess-like smile on the lip;  
And he saw that two hands (which were whiter  
than they

*THE SCULPTOR'S VISITORS.*

That had built up the statue) were touching the  
clay  
Which Tiber brought down in his world-  
renowned way.

And soft steps were moving, as winds whisper  
o'er,  
Then he heard a low voice, disregarded before—  
The light came and went, there was rustling  
of wings,  
Like a breath of the twilight when nightingale  
sings,  
And the rich, Roman landscape his casement  
defined  
Before his stunned senses was sharply outlined.  
The soft voices sang, disregarded before,

THE SCULPTOR'S VISITORS.

And they said : "Go and work for the blind and  
the poor ;

Go visit the sick in their infinite need —

Care not for the world with its gilding and greed ;

Care not for Ambition, it lasts but a day,

And hope not for Love, for she comes not to  
stay !

But while you are giving, *we'll work at the clay*

*Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned way."*

He left for a season all dreams of his art —

He took of the burdens of life his full part ;

He sought out the weary, he sped on his way

The poor fallen brother ; the woman who weeps

He raised from the cauldron which poverty  
steeps.

And with one little hand of a lame beggar boy

*THE SCULPTOR'S VISITORS.*

Held fast in his own, he entered with joy  
His garret again, to resume his loved sway  
Over graver and rule, and to touch the dear clay  
Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned  
way.

What sight met his eyes as he opened the door?  
A sunlight so brilliant, that never before  
E'en in sunlighted Rome, where Apollo still  
beams,  
Had a glory so golden brought life to his dreams.  
His statues were finished—the angels had  
wrought  
To give the poor sculptor his dream and his  
thought,  
And he knew that a purpose had moulded the  
clay



*THE SCULPTOR'S VISITORS.*

Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned  
way.

A moment of silence before he could speak.  
These angels were mighty, the sculptor was  
weak ;  
But the beggar boy questioned : "She's sweetest  
of all —

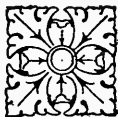
What call you that lady, so calm and so tall,  
So like the Madonna, who stands by the wall?"  
"That, boy, is Sweet Gratitude ; this one is Love;  
They, boy, are the angels who surely bear sway  
At the great gate of Heaven, which opens above—  
When we shall be angels and cease to be clay !  
The other, Ambition, so proud and so wild —"  
"I like not her face," said the questioning child ;

*THE SCULPTOR'S VISITORS.*

“ But when you first taught me to kneel and to  
pray

Sweet Gratitude came to my bedside and smiled,  
Stretched her arms to me, then, as she does from  
the clay !

Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned  
way.”



## CARCASSONNE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE NADAUD.

“How old I am! I’m eighty years!

I’ve worked both hard and long;  
Yet patient as my life has been,  
One dearest sight I have not seen,—  
It seems almost a wrong.

A dream I had when life was new.

Alas, our dreams! They come not true:

I thought to see fair Carcassonne,  
That lovely city—Carcassonne!”

“One sees it dimly from the height,

Beyond the mountains blue.

Fain would I walk five weary leagues,—

I do not mind the road’s fatigues,—

*CARCASSONNE.*

Through morn and evening's dew.  
But bitter frost would fall at night,  
And on the grapes,—that yellow blight!  
I could not go to Carcassonne;  
I never went to Carcassonne."

"They say it is as gay all times  
As holidays at home!  
The Gentiles ride in gay attire  
And in the sun each gilded spire  
Shoots up like those of Rome!  
The Bishop the procession leads,  
The generals curb their prancing steeds—  
Alas! I know not Carcassonne!  
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne."

"Our vicar's right! He preaches loud  
And bids us to beware;

*CARCASSONNE.*

He says, 'O, guard the weakest part  
And most the traitor in the heart  
Against Ambition's snare!'  
Perhaps in autumn I can find  
Two sunny days with gentle wind;  
I then could go to Carcassonne,  
I still could go to Carcassonne."

"My God, my Father! Pardon me  
If this my wish offends!  
One sees some hope more high than his  
In age as in his infancy  
To which his heart ascends!  
My wife, my son have seen Narbonne;  
My grandson went to Perpignon;  
But I have not seen Carcassonne,  
But I have not seen Carcassonne."

*CARCASSONNE.*

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,  
Half dreaming in his chair.  
I said, "My friend, come, go with me;  
To-morrow, then thine eyes shall see  
Those streets that seem so fair."  
That night there came for passing soul  
The church-bells low and solemn toll.  
He never saw gay Carcassonne,  
Who has not known a Carcassonne?



ON SEEING BOOTH, BARRETT AND  
BANGS ACT IN "JULIUS CÆSAR"  
IN 1879.

Rome, mother of all symbols, one great hour  
with thee

Is worth a decade of our common life !

Strange that a people calling themselves free

Have but preserved thy luxury and thy strife !

Not ours the virtues of that earlier day,

Not ours the courage to be right and slay—

First the usurper, then the outraged wife !

Thy purple pageants make our visions tame.

A world sufficed thee ! Nothing else were worth

Thy blood, thy sons, thy cruelty, thy grasp,

Thou monstrous mistress of our little Earth !

That we forget thee is our modern shame.

Oft from my spirit this ideal fades—

Then comes great Shakspeare, painting it in  
flame —

I thank thee, noble art, for these heroic shades !

## PRESCOTT.

The great Historian composed many of his most brilliant chapters while walking beneath a wide-spreading tree on the lawn near his seaside villa. His footsteps had worn a circle in the turf.

No more, alas ! the soft returning spring  
Shall greet thee walking near thy favorite tree,  
Marking with musing tread the magic ring  
Where pageants grand and monarchs moved  
with thee.

Thou new Columbus, bringing from old Spain  
Her ancient wealth to this awaiting shore,  
Returning, stamped with impress of thy brain.  
Far richer treasures than her galleons bore.  
Two worlds shall weep for thee, the old, the new,  
Now that the marble and the canvas wait  
In vain to cheer the homes and hearts so true  
Thy immortality made desolate !  
While angels on imperishable scroll  
Record the wondrous beauty of thy soul.



LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF  
JOHN A. DIX.

STATESMAN, HERO, SCHOLAR, GENTLEMAN.

What was the secret of this ample life,  
The long success which followed eighty years?  
Why came to him such honor and renown?  
Well may the nation ask it 'mid her tears.

Was it great genius? That but rarely wins  
Save a poor laurel wreath beset with thorn;  
Was it a mastery of the statesman's art?  
What has that brought but envy, wrath and  
scorn?

Was it his scholarship, profound and deep,  
That had brought peace and joy, but not  
renown?

*ON THE DEATH OF JOHN A. DIX.*

Was it his manner, courteous and refined,  
Which won the nation while it charmed the  
town?

Was it his courage and that ringing phrase  
Which struck the Northern heart and found  
it true?

Or fervent piety or, unknown, unsung,  
Some talent rare, some combination new?

Men thought he had too much, as one by one  
All unsolicited the honors came;  
Perhaps they scoffed as still the changes rung  
And titles gathered 'round one simple name.

But he with greater honor filled each place,  
Returned still better the unasked-for trust;

*ON THE DEATH OF JOHN A. DIX.*

Marched with a soldier's spirit to the front,  
To-day obeys the mandate Dust to dust.

Was it humility, unselfish life,  
A love of Nature and of innocent joy  
That kept his heart at such a healthful beat,  
Left him the pulse and laughter of a boy?

There was no grudging envy in that mind.  
He liked to help, to utter words of praise;  
There was no avarice in his generous hand,  
Stretched not to injure, but to help, to raise.

Brave as his sword! A true Damascus blade,  
Blazoned in fire,—the brighter for the fray;  
'Tis usage tries the temper of the steel,  
Life proved thy temper, hero of to-day.

EDWARD A. WASHBURN.

DIED FEBRUARY 3, 1881.

Go, great Crusader! Now thy lance is lowered,  
Leave us to bear the burden and thy loss;  
Fold thou thine arms upon thy trusty sword,  
Its gleaming hilt a cross.

Thine the Crusader's temperament, to fight  
The Paynim, Error, where his tents were found;  
Did there come need for help of Christian knight,  
Thy white cloak swept the ground.

Strong were the notes thy clarion voice rang out,  
Fierce was the onslaught from thy vigorous  
arm,  
And idle ease and comfortable doubt  
Took sensible alarm.

*EDWARD A. WASHBURN.*

Yet in that eloquence a sad refrain,  
A passionate wit, a delicate, tender thought;  
These were the gems that sparkled on the chain  
Thy splendid genius wrought.

Like the Crusader turning toward the East,  
Those learned eyes (which saw what others  
sought)

A pilgrim often at the sacred feast  
Where knelt Sir Launcelot.

They should have placed thee in that ancient  
church

At Cyprus, where the Christian knights are  
lain;

Or in that sunny square where sparrows perch  
On bust of Charlemagne.

*EDWARD A. WASHBURN.*

Filled with their names, our later sands of Time  
Mark thee as worthy to have grouped with them.  
No nobler hero known to book or rhyme  
Marched to Jerusalem.

For thou wert of that company the men  
Born to be leaders, knowing not doubt or fear,  
Who, when the Angel called, or now or then  
Could answer, "Here!"

Great dreams, great sorrows were thy bread and  
wine,  
God o'er hot deserts led thy suffering feet;  
The sepulchre is won, the victory thine,  
Go thy old comrades meet.

## THE PASSION FLOWER.

TO C. M'C.

No flower has painted on its face  
A legend sweet and sad as thine ;  
Thy starry petals interlace  
And hold above a screen so fine,  
Hiding the Cross from sun and shower,  
O weird and mystic Passion flower !

In tropic lands I saw thee twine  
Thy endless branches round and round.  
Thy fruit, and leaf and flower combine  
To scatter blessings on the ground,—  
Like that dear love whose grace and power  
Was while on earth *our* Passion flower.

*THE PASSION FLOWER.*

Now in our colder clime we trace  
The emblems of His Passion there ;  
Alas, the cruel wounds have place,  
The Crown of Thorns weighs down His hair ;  
The drops of blood—a sullen shower—  
The seven spears—O Passion flower !

Yet on that Cross He gently gave  
To mother, sister, kneeling there,  
A message read beyond the grave.  
He gave a vital force to prayer—  
He dignified our love and loss  
And twined the flower around the Cross.

So must we in this darksome hour,  
While sorrow rends the inmost soul ;  
But take a lesson from the flower



*THE PASSION FLOWER.*

And from a part must learn the whole ;  
"It is their gain which was our loss,"  
We, flower-like, must embrace the Cross.

And if from Nature's bosom springs  
A pictured lesson like to this ;  
Does it not breathe of higher things  
We yet may learn in realms of bliss?  
When earthly ties have loosed their power  
We may grow upward like the flower.

Bearing, indeed, the scars of life,  
The broken heart, the stain of tears,  
The bleeding wounds of cruel strife,  
The burden of our lonely years.  
Still may there grow from out the moss  
Our Passion flower twined round the Cross.

## TWILIGHT TALK.

*He speaks :*

My love, I weary of these books and all their  
lore.

I'd listen to thy choice, impassioned words :  
Pour out thy dreams with fancy running o'er ;  
With voice more wildly sweet than singing  
birds.

Come, talk to me, my own !

*She speaks :*

Dearest, what can I give which thou hast not ?  
Thou art my library wherein I cull  
The brightest flowers from the field of thought ;  
And, after thee, all written books are dull.

Come, talk to me, my own !

*TWILIGHT TALK.*

*He speaks :*

My love, thou knowest not a woman's worth.

Thine, the Alembic, whence the metals flow.

Man, sordid man, can dig them from the earth ;

But in thy brighter soul they fuse and grow.

Come, talk to me, my own !

*She speaks :*

Dearest, have I, like thee, the power to deftly  
draw

The ears of listening senates to my speech ?

Can I defend the Right—build up the Law ?

A nation listens, dear, if thou but teach.

Come, talk to me, my own !

*He speaks :*

My love, dost know the very best I do,

*TWILIGHT TALK.*

The world's dull business or my deepest  
thought  
Has thee within its folds? Thy presence true  
Informed my life, my inspiration wrought.  
Come, talk to me, my own!

*She speaks :*

These answers from the full-voiced Past,  
Sweet Eloise by her Abelard's knee.  
Did she not say, "My learning is so vast  
That it hath taught me this—I know but  
thee."

Come, talk to me, my own!

*He speaks :*

My love, now I will quote my pedant fair.  
Without his Beatrice, where were Dante's  
song,—

*TWILIGHT TALK.*

Was Pericles alone, or was Aspasia near?

On Laura's name doth Petrarch float along.

Come, talk to me, my own!

*She speaks :*

Dearest, I love thee, 'tis my only word,

'Tis all my eloquence, and wit, and power.

Better to die than live with that unheard.

O ! take it, 'tis my heritage, my dower.

Come, take it all, my own !

*He speaks :*

My love, I fold thy slender hand in mine,

And know, my Beatrice, and my Laura thou—

Aspasia's wit and Helen's beauty thine,

Keeping, like Eloise, thy loving vow.

Come, to this heart, my own.

## THE QUESTION.

AUGUST 4, 1883.

Oh, dear pale lips! Oh, lovely, silent face!

Has death been here and stolen thy dear life?  
Speak, then, and break the silence of this place!  
O God, some sign, some signal of Thy Grace!  
Give me some comfort writ in words of light,  
Did Jesus watch with thee this vigil night?

And I who watched and loved thee did not stand

By thy dear side when the dread summons came,  
Did not in mine fold the familiar hand  
To lead thee tenderly to spirit land!  
But let the angels come with faces bright,  
Did Jesus watch with thee that vigil night?

### *THE QUESTION.*

Pure was thy life, thy quest of virtue rare ;  
A Red-Cross knight self consecrate thy shield  
(And dear to thee as vital breath) was prayer ;  
Thy spurs were won in silent battle-field,  
Whose dreary sands no blooming laurels yield.  
But none the less thine was a goodly fight—  
Did Jesus watch with thee that vigil night?

### THE ANSWER.

Be silent, aching heart, and find again  
That cross of Calvary borne aloft for thee,  
The Jewish soldiers had no spears for me.  
What is thine agony to Mary's pain ?  
The wounds, the thorn, the insult to the slain.  
I lived and loved, believed, and angels bright  
Came with my Lord, and watched that vigil  
night.

*THE QUESTION.*

Wine steeped with gall was given me to drink,

For I was mortal, and my flesh weak

With pain and anguish lingering on the brink.

Earth still was dear and Heaven far to seek.

My hour was called, my sentry-ship was o'er,

And saints and martyrs led me to the shore.

Pale Death at last ! Nor filled me with affright,

For Jesus watched with me that vigil night.





## ENVOI.

TO JOHN PHILIP, WITH A KISS.

DECEMBER, 1882.

My best loved critic ! Son ; and friend of mine,  
Lend thy dear eyes, and gentle soul to me !  
Some day when I am gone, these words may twine  
An airy unseen bridge from me to thee.

Perhaps we have not told our deepest thought,  
Nor always breathed the love our hearts  
have filled ;

Perhaps we shall know better *what we sought*,  
When Death shall consecrate, and Life be  
stilled.









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